

THE MISSISSIPPI LYNX.

By Rockett & Middleton.

Devoted to News, Politics, Commerce, Agriculture, &c.

Two Dollars in Advance

"ETERNAL VIGILANCE IS THE PRICE OF LIBERTY."

VOL. 2.

PANOLA, MI., SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1846.

NO. 23

AN AVALANCHE.—Figure to yourself a cataract like that of Niagara (for I should judge the volume of one of these avalanches to be probably every way superior in bulk to the whole of the Horseshoe fall,) pouring a foaming grandeur, not merely over one great precipice of 200 feet, but over the successive ridgy precipices of two or three thousand, in the face of a mountain eleven thousand feet high, and tumbling, crashing, thundering down, with a continuous din of far greater sublimity than the sound of the grandest cataract. Placed on the slope of Wengern Alp, right opposite the whole visible side of the Jungfrau, we have enjoyed two of these mighty spectacles, at about half an hour's interval between them. The first was the most sublime, the second the most beautiful. The roar of the falling mass begins to be heard the moment it is loosened from the mountain; it pours on with the sound of a vast body of rushing water; then comes the first great concussion, a booming crash of thunders, breaking on the still air in mid heaven; your breath is suspended, as you listen and look; the mighty glittering mass shoots headlong over the main precipice, and the fall is so great, that it produces to the eye that impression of dread majestic slowness, of which I have spoken, though it is doubtless more rapid than Niagara. But if you should see the cataract of Niagara itself coming down five thousand feet above you in the air, there would be the same impression. The image remains in the mind, and can never fade from it; it is as if you had seen an alabaster cataract from heaven. The sound is far more sublime than that of Niagara, because of the preceding stillness in those awful Alpine solitudes. In the midst of such silence and solemnity, from out the bosom of those glorious glittering forms of nature, comes that rushing, crashing thunder-burst of sound! If it were not that your soul, through the eye, is as filled and fixed with the sublimity of the vision, as through the sense of hearing with that of the audible report, methinks you would wish to bury your face in your hands, and fall prostrate, as at the voice of the Eternal! But it is impossible to convey an adequate idea of the combined impression made by these rushing masses and rolling thunders upon the soul.—*Post.*

JOHN FITCH'S FIRST STEAMBOAT.—We have received a lithographic map, from the Collect, Pond, in this city, in 1795; the whole of the steam apparatus being the invention of John Fitch, a native of Windsor, in Connecticut. This boat was steered with an oar, and worked around the pond by paddle wheels, with steam power, by the author of this map, (who is now residing in Williamsburg, Long Island) in the presence of John Fitch, Robert Fulton, and Chancellor Livingston. Fitch afterwards constructed a boat, which was tried on the Delaware; but was unfortunate in his circumstance, and left for Kentucky, where he died. The object of the author seems to be to establish the position that Mr. Fitch, was the first inventor of steam machinery for boats, and that Fulton afterwards, by the patronage of Mr. Livingston, made extensive experiments, and ultimately succeeded in bringing the discovery into practical use.—*N. Y. Express.*

RIO GRANDE DEER.—LARGEST ON RECORD.—The New Orleans Tropic contains the following, from a correspondent in army: "There are wandering over the prairies in the vicinity of our camp on the Rio Grande, a large number of the finest large horned cattle in the world. 'Our Volunteers,' wishing for a fresh steak, would make some of them occasionally bite the dust. An order came, that no more 'killing beef' must take place, and no more beef was killed. Scouting parties now went out for venison; some good shots were fortunate enough to kill one. It was dragged into camp and duly divided among the knowing ones of the regiment. When daylight appeared, suspicions got out that a beef had been killed; this was stoutly denied, and the report was contradicted by the assertion, that a deer had been killed weighing over eight hundred pounds. This caused universal surprise, especially among certain officers who demanded to see

the horns. After a great deal of delay they were produced, and examined by a court martial, who solemnly decided that the venison of the Rio Grande had horns perfectly smooth, and resembling those of the ox species in other parts of the world."

FROM MEXICO AND GEN. TAYLOR'S ARMY.—The latest Mexican news reaches us via Matamoras, and is accompanied with the latest news from Gen. Taylor.

Paredes has left Mexico, and is supposed to be at Monterey, at the head of the army, for resisting Gen. Taylor. Bustamante is President pro tem. during his absence.

The Yellow fever has commenced at Vera Cruz, though at Matamoras it is healthy.

Immense rains have lately fallen in the neighborhood of the Rio Grande, and the river has overflowed its banks. The battle grounds where the late engagements occurred are now covered with water.

Gen. Taylor is making ready for a forward movement on Monterey at an early day. Steamboats have already taken transports to Camargo, to facilitate this movement.

One of the Mexican villains engaged in the murder of the Rogers family between Corpus Christi and Point Isabel, has been caught at Matamoras, and has been sent in chains to New Orleans.

The late rains have made the roads extremely bad near the camp of the army, and have also made the situation of the soldiers very uncomfortable. Many cases of severe disease have occurred among them.

Several shipwrecks have recently happened at the mouth of the Rio Grande. The flood has taken down immense deposits which have choked the mouth and rendered passing the bar extremely difficult.

The Americans recently came very near surprising and capturing Canales at a Pandango near Reynosa. He was to have attended, but perhaps smelled a rat. Two of his officers were taken, however, and are now prisoners.—*Vick. Sentinel.*

POETRY BY JOHN Q. ADAMS.

Miss Ellen M. Cockey, John and Thomas Forest, Baltimore county, presented to Mr. Adams, a few weeks ago, a pair of knit gloves. In acknowledging their reception the "old man eloquent" penned the following lines:

Who shall say that public life
Is nothing but discordant strife?
And he whose heart is tuned to love,
Tender and gentle as the dove,
Must whet his talons, night and day;
For conflicts with the birds of prey

This world is fashioned, Lady fair!
Of Joy and sorrow, Ease and Care,
Of sudden changes, small and great;
Of upward and of downward fate:
And whoso bends his mood to trace
The annals of man's fallen race,
May sigh to find that nature's plan
Is ruthless war from man to man,
But nature cruel, to be kind,
Nor to war only man consigned;
But gave him woman on the spot,
To mingle pleasure in his lot,
That if with man war cannot cease,
With woman reigns eternal peace.

Fair Lady, I have lived on earth
Nigh fourscore Summers from my birth;
And half the sorrows I have felt
Have by my brother man been dealt;
And all the ills I have endured
By man inflicted, woman out.
The glove from man to man, thou know'st,
Of fierce defiance is the boast;
And cast in anger on the floor,
To mortal combat shows the door,
But gloves from woman's gentle hand,
Of cordial Friendship bear the wand;
And in return a single glove
Betokens emblematic Love.

Thy gift fair Ellen then I take,
And cherish for the giver's sake,
And while they shelter from the storm
My hands, the Heart alike shall warm;
And speed for thee to God above,
The fervid prayer of faithful love.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Washington, April 19, 1846.

It is now positively ascertained that Mr. Buchanan will be nominated to the vacant seat on the bench of the Supreme Court. Many persons are named as his successor in the State Department, but it is presumed that no one has yet been decided upon. It seems to be generally supposed that Col. Wm. R. King will be invited to take it.

SANTA FE.—The St. Louis Republican, of the 25th ult., says:

We learn from Fort Leavenworth, that Major Gilpin, who was recently elected to that command in the regiment of mounted men already formed at the Fort, has entered upon his duties; and that Col. Doniphan and Lieut. Col. Ruff were expected on the 21st. There were seven companies of mounted volunteers at the Fort, including Capt. Hudson's, and another was expected from Calloway on the 23d. The two companies of Light Artillery from St. Louis were on the ground; and there was one company of Infantry, from Cole county, also present, and mustered into service. We learn that they are trying to raise additional companies of Infantry in Platte, but that, not being accustomed to this kind of service, they hesitate about entering upon it. We are sorry to hear this disinclination for this branch of military service, because it has always been considered the main prop and pillar of an army, and we are led to apprehend that Col. Kearney is too scantily supplied with them. As to the hardship of a march to Santa Fe, this is rather imaginary than real, and military veterans give to the Infantry a decided preference over the Dragoon service. Our own opinion is, that the company of Infantry from Cole county, under the command of Captain Angney—which is represented to be a very fine body of men—will have suffered less hardships, on their arrival at Santa Fe, than those who have been so anxious to go as mounted men.

It is probable, we understand, that Gov. Edwards, in complying with further requisitions for volunteers, will be instructed to furnish only a very small proportion of mounted men—say about one-fifth—the other to be Infantry. This, we infer, is rendered necessary by the scarcity of grass in the region of Santa Fe—a scarcity likely to be more manifest after our mounted men have passed over it.

We hear, not without some surprise, but upon authority in which we place great reliance, that Gov. Armijo of New Mexico, has been for a long time preparing for a war with this country, and expecting his department to be attacked from this direction. He can bring, it is said, five thousand men into the field, against us—not all well armed, it is true, nor is it likely that all of them will fight, if they can be made to believe that, on coming to our side before an engagement, they could be protected. But they are all, it is certain, splendid horsemen, and can use the lance and firearms with great effect. These things will be well considered by the commander of the expedition. He should not hazard such an enterprise by undertaking it with too small a force. There ought to be men enough, at all events, to whip an armed force of five thousand men, and such a demonstration might bring about a surrender without a single shot being exchanged.

We hear, further, that the traders who have gone ahead of the expedition, and in pursuit of whom Capt. Moor's command of Dragoons was sent forward, are only to be stopped until Colonel Kearney's force can pass them. He is to precede them if it be possible into Santa Fe; they will follow, each in possession of his own property. The traders will be protected, Mexicans as well as our own people; but it is possible, we surmise, that the duties on the goods will be paid, if paid at all, to another government than that now administered by Amijo.

THE ROCKING CHAIR CONDEMNED.—A writer in the Boston Transcript utters a counterblast against that instrument which so much ministers to luxurious ease—the Rocking Chair.—He or she—as the case may be—attributes the lack of graceful motion, and particularly a graceful walk, in the ladies, to that article. Much of a fashionable young lady's in-door life is spent, the body half suspended by the elbows, and the muscles of the back entirely relaxed, in the rocking chair. The necessary consequence is, a crooked spine, a weak back, a high pair of shoulders, and an awkward manner of carrying the head effects perfectly incompatible with graceful movements of any kind.

Correspondence of the Picayune.

CAMP NEAR MATAMORAS, June 29, 1846.

We are actually enjoying the luxury of an unrainy day! This may not be a "grammatical" word, as the fond father told his son when he was endeavoring to beat Murry into his dull comprehension, but it is a convenient one on the present occasion. Although few rumors of a despondent nature were heard in the camp during the boisterous, rainy week past, still one day of respite has produced a wonderful "change in society" in the army. Every shrub and every rise of ground is strewn with mildewed blankets and clothing. The tent-walls are raised with the hope of drying the ground in side, and the soldiers are every where engaged in cleaning up their arms and accoutrements. The Rio Grande has risen almost to overflowing, and the prairies, as seen from the belfry of the Cathedral, seem to be hell covered with lakes. The army has already proved how gallantly it can stand fire. I am perfectly satisfied, now, that they cannot be vanquished by water. "An independent citizen" who came out here "to see the bear dance," and who has roughed it about the world, and "seen the elephant" often, was politely invited the other evening by a distinguished officer of the regulars to sleep in his tent. "Thank you," replied he, looking around the well soaked, dilapidated concern—it had several cannon ball holes through it, and no flag—"I think I'll decline, if you'll excuse me; I've stood some exposure in my life, but this strainer of yours looks as if it would sift out the fever and ague on a fellow rather too liberally," and he went up town and slept on a bare table, with his coat for a pillow.

You may have noticed in the matamoras papers the death of Capt. Barragan, of the Mexican army. He died in the hospital on the 14th inst., having been wounded at the Resaca de la Palma on the 24th. He was the son of a near relative of a former President, and had the reputation of being a brave and meritorious officer. The brave fellow was found by Lieut. McCown—commanding a company in the 4th Artillery—in a pond which fills the ravine, with an American soldier lying dead across his body, and his head pressed under the water. Lieut. McCown on perceiving his perilous situation, dashed into the water during the hottest part of the charge and dragged him out, thus prolonging his life. After the battle was over Capt. B. sent for the gallant young officer, and expressed to him publicly and in the most heartfelt manner his admiration and gratitude. The lieutenant, who is as generous as he is brave, and who has endured as many hardships, has been engaged in as many perilous enterprises in scouting parties and on the battle field as any officer in the army, assured the unfortunate man that he would do all in his power to alleviate his sufferings, and begged him to command him in anything that could conduce to his comfort. This elicited a smile from the officers present, as Mac, who is a true-blooded Tennessean, had left everything at Corpus Christi, except a suit and a half of clothes—he was then dressed in an old buck-skin coat—and a blanket, which from the severity of the duties he had been so often selected to perform, were a good deal the worse for wear. He frequently visited his wounded friend during his sufferings, and contributed as heartily to his alleviation as if he had been a brother. The remains of the Mexican officer were followed to the grave by a number of American officers.—The scene was a touching one, and the person who thanked the Americans in behalf of the friends of the deceased, for their kind and handsome acts towards him while living, and for the honor they had done him at his burial, did so with a full heart and fearful eye.—H.

The substitute for the tariff bill offered by Mr. Hungerford, of N. Y., is a compromise. The Ohio and New York democrats will support it. The South Carolina delegation at least, of the Southern members, will oppose it. It abolishes the minimum principle, but retains specific duties, and is formed with a view to give an adequate revenue without a duty on tea and coffee.

LATE FROM HAVANA.—The U. S. Cutter, McLane, Capt. Howard, arrived at New Orleans from Boston, by the way of Havana on Saturday last, which latter place she left on the 2nd, inst.

The Delta says: We yesterday had the pleasure of an introduction to Capt. Howard. He communicated to us intelligence which we had anticipated, and to hear which did not by any means astonish us. Santa Anna, he says, has sold out his establishment in Havana, game cocks and all. He returns, by invitation of course, to Mexico, if not in the British brig of war Darien, certainly in the British steam packet which leaves Havana for Vera Cruz, on the 19th inst. We suppose our blockading squadron will admit him in as a regularly sealed letter of correspondence. His favorite and confidential friends, and former ministers, Almonte and Rejon return with him to Mexico. In Havana it was thought that the duce would be to play on his arrival there. There will of course be a pronouncement in his favor. The welkin will resound with huzzas! and bulletins will be issued composed of words of "learned length and thundering sound" about the integrity of the Republic, the dissimulation and rapacity of the Government of the North, and the prowess of Mexican arms. Santa Anna returns not to make overtures of peace, but to carry on the war with vigor such as, it is believed, no other Mexican can exert, and with a spirit which he alone can infuse into the army. The assumed owners of the two Mexican steamers—an English mercantile firm—have offered them for sale to the Spanish authorities of Havana. They talked of purchasing one of them—the "iron steamer"—with the wooden one they would have nothing to do.

Capt. Howard made special inquiries about the fitting out of privateers in Havana. Not a vessel of the kind has left there, and not one will leave with the sanction of the authorities.

WELLINGTON.—The Colossal Statue of "The Iron Duke."—We learn from late London papers, that colossal and equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington, which has employed Wyatt, the artist ten years constant labor, is at length completed; and was, at the latest dates, ready to be raised to its destined position on the top of the triumphal gateway at Constitution Hill. The horse and its rider have consumed between forty and fifty tons of metal, and such are the dimensions of the statue that a man on horseback may pass between the horse's legs. You can descend by a ladder into its capacious stomach, and there is a goodly compartment, in which some fifty men might be packed away, and in which, it is stated, that thirteen adventurous guests have actually dined. The head is six feet in length, a datum upon which the connoisseurs in horse flesh may judge of the other proportions of the enormous quadruped. The horse is "standing at ease" on its four legs, and the Duke is also in an attitude of repose, with the exception of the right hand, which is extended, holding a telescope, as in the act of giving the word of command on the field of battle. The inauguration of this statue, which was expected soon to take place, is anticipated as a grand national event.

PUGILISTIC ENCOUNTER.—Two dashing women of the pave, one luxuriating in the delightful cognomen of Betsey Morgan, of St. Louis, and the other Till Robbins, of New Orleans, crossed the river opposite St. Louis on the 26th ult., to settle their mutual differences according to the laws of the ring. Having arrived on the ground, with their seconds, they tied their colors to the stake, and the preliminaries being arranged business commenced. On the first round Till's eye was put into mourning by a tremendous right hand visitation from Betsey, who, in her turn, received an awful hit in the broad-basket, that considerably deranged her internal arrangements. Round 2—A good deal of hitten and counter-hitting, not much mischief done, both down, and slight symptoms of scratching operations. Rounds 3 and 4—Rules of the ring entirely laid aside, and finger nails in active demand; several delicate scalp operations were performed upon each other's head, face and neck, ex-

changing hard epithets and locks of their hair at the same time. Round 5—First blood drawn, Till biting off one of Betsey's fingers, and she in return bunting up Till's daylight in such an awful manner that Till, on time being called for the sixth round, could not come to the scratch. The affair was of a very spicy nature, being entirely attended by the gentler sex.

SHAVING A NOTE.—Old Skinfint was the most celebrated broker in Philadelphia—his "shaving" operations were famous, as he generally took off not only beard and whiskers, but "a pound of flesh" in addition. Young Harry Scrum was one of those dashing chaps who love wine and horses, and who form the majority of the great army of borrowers. Harry, having wants, on various occasions borrowed of Skinfint, at three per cent a month "off"—and having, at sundry periods, made "raises," paid off his responsibilities. At last he got tired of constant borrowing and repaying. It would be six years before his estates could be sold, under the terms of his fathers will, who had prudently postponed that event until Harry would reach the age of "thirty," and Harry concluded that it would be better to make a heavy operation at once, and be rid of the bother of continual borrowings. Away to Skinfint hied, determined to procure a good round sum and be done with it.

"I want ten thousand for six years." "Hem! what security will you give?" "Oh, you have my bond,—that will bind my property." "Hem! what discount will you give?" You know my rule is, always to take the discount "off"—besides, you owe me a thousand due to-day, and I lent you a ten in the street the other day.

"I won't pay that I've been paying; one and a quarter per cent. a month is enough. You may take it 'off,' and take out what I owe you besides."

"Hem! well, here's a bond for \$10,000 at six years—sign it, and it'll be right."

"No sooner said than done. Harry affixed his autograph, and hummed a tune, while Skinfint got out his check-book and made a calculation.

"Have you got ten dollars about you," said he, in a moment; "if so let me have it."

"All right, my old boy," said Harry, supposing he wanted to "make change"—here it is!

"Hem! Hem!" said Skinfint, locking up his desk, and making preparations "to shoot."

"Stop, old fellow!" said Harry; "where's my money!"

"Your money! oh! why you've got it."

"Got it! what do you mean?"

"Why, I was to take off the discount, wasn't I, and the thousand?"

"Yes, but I want my money."

"Why, my dear fellow, you've got it. Ten thousand at one and a quarter a month for six years, is nine thousand—a thousand you owed me—and you've just paid the ten; it's all right my dear boy—a fair business transaction."

FROM THE PACIFIC.—A correspondent of the Boston Post, writing from Valparaiso under date of April 2d says—"The elections are over, and President Bulnes is again elected. We had some excitement here the last night of the election days—some sixty wounded and nine killed. This I have from one of the medicos. There were several stores robbed, and quite an attempt to raise a revolution."

The ship Hortensia, of Baltimore, had sailed, having on board Senor Carvalho, Minister from Chili to the United States, and several young Chilenos, who were to finish their education in the country. Don Felix Kenna, one of the candidates for the Presidency, had been arrested, and was with some forty others sent as a prisoner on board of the frigate Chili.

The deputation sent by the Argentine government to Chili, to ask their neutrality in the existing war, arrived at Santiago on the 19th March, and left again for Buenos Ayres on the 25th. Their mission was entirely successful, the President refusing to assist in the least.

A paper has been commenced at Philadelphia under the title of "The Man in the Moon."